

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

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Words and Music, by PERCY GUYER.

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Grandmother's chair, now old fashioned and worn,  
Stands idle and still in her once cosy room,  
'Twas bought years ago, yes before I was born,  
Ere her death to the house brought us sorrow and gloom,  
How well I remember her sweet smiling face,  
Her thin snowy locks, in the years long ago,  
As she sang me to sleep, in that very same place,  
With a kiss upon my cheek, as she rock'd to and fro.

It was rock, rock, rock, to the tick of the clock,  
By day and night for years by the score,  
It was rock, rock, rock, to the tick of the clock,  
But the old, old chair shall rock her no more.

How kind were her deeds, and how patient her heart,  
How gentle her words and how pleasant her ways,  
Oh sad was the hour when the time came to part,  
And we knew that at last she had ended her days.  
How sweet were the moments, I spent by her side,  
In childhood's fond hours, 'neath her calm, gentle care,  
I remember then well, and the day that she died  
Sinking back, with a sigh, in that old rocking chair.

It was rock, rock, rock, to the tick, &c.

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